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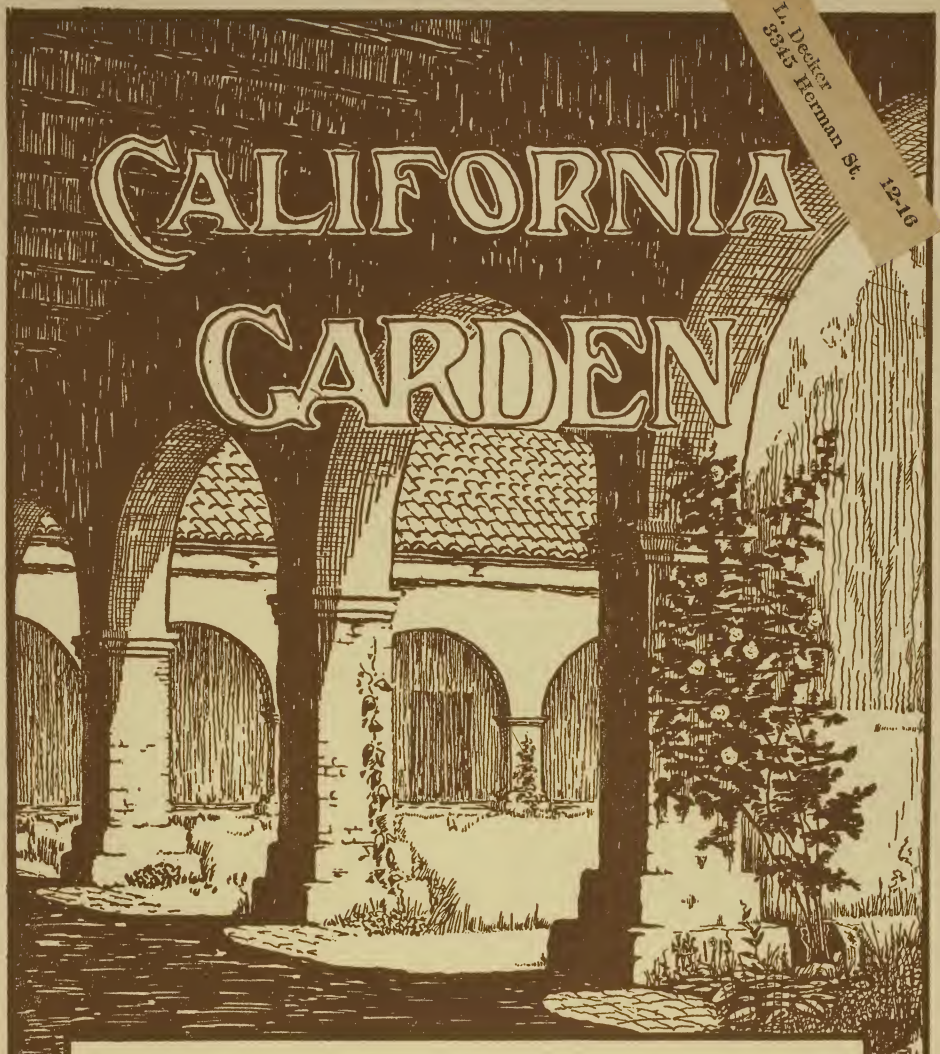

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The California Garden

Published Monthly by the San Diego Floral Association
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Supporting the Government

FROM the food administration came what is called a questionnaire by which was sought searching information as to what this paper would do to help that body win the war. Glancing through this we were inclined to say, "HA-HA! At last our merit is recognized; we will so fill this that Washington will sit up and take notice," and we sat down before that concentrated efficiency puzzle which is never really solved, the Corona, and proceeded to type in the dope, but after a while we came to this question, "Will your paper provide one of its staff to help us in Washington if we give you due notice to arrange for such an event?" That was a facer. We considered Manager Keene. Would we loan him to Washington? He is the real staff of California Garden; month after month he patiently nudges those contributors who just as regularly intend to contribute without punching and fail to do it; then he dresses the magazine each month till it almost looks as if it were paid for, and finally prints it and gets his pay therefor if he can, and on the side is a Rotarian, and a printer of better paid jobs we hope, and a husband and father. It did not seem as if we ought to loan him, even though we have found him willing to do the most unconscionable things rather than appear disobliging. This left ourselves, and at a crisis like the present we did not have the face to suggest such a compromise, so there seemed nothing for it but to make a clean breast and we sat down and fessed up to what we ARE and what we ARE NOT and the following is the reply that came back as quickly as the mails could bring it.

September 12, 1917.

Mr. Alfred D. Robinson,
Editor, The California Garden.
Dear Sir:

We are very grateful for your supplementary words which accompanied the questionnaire which you recently returned to us.

We are pleased indeed to read your words of sympathy and loyalty to the ideals which our Government is upholding in the present crisis, and we appreciate the fact that The California Garden will work unceasingly in doing its bit.

Faithfully yours,
U. S. FOOD ADMINISTRATION.
Per Chas. W. Holman.

Readers are asked to take notice that the California Garden is pledged to support the Government in the ideals it is upholding in the present crisis and perhaps it is only fair that we should state our understanding of this attitude. In the first place as we cannot use in our pages much of the matter sent for that purpose by the various government departments we deem it a duty to devote considerable space to the most of such matter in every issue. We feel that every effort of the Government is our effort and realizing that it is put forward with the larger view given by having information from all over the country, the world even, our own opinion must be subordinated to its conclusions Further, the effect locally of any government measure is not our issue and we should not hamper operations by appealing for the relief of our neighbor, Mr. Jones, who may be called upon to make some sacrifice. We do not expect that the extraordinary demands of present national operations will be met at once and perfectly, but we do think that the best ability obtainable is working unselfishly to solve these problems and believe that the part of every loyal citizen is to encourage and support, not to harp upon things that joggle a bit, and surely every one must recognize the mighty effort that is being co-ordinated.

We fully realize that we are going outside our legitimate sphere as editor of a

gardening paper, the organ of a Floral Association, and have no excuse to offer. We deplore sensationalism such as the report that rather than be regulated by the Food Administration farmers somewhere were feeding wheat to hogs, only to have it denied the next day. We shall have isolated cases of those who won't be regulated for fear of losing something they never had, but never in the history of the governments has there been such an effort to take the governed into the full confidence of those who govern. This food administration gives full publicity to the reasoning that has led to its various moods and it has the sympathy and support of all who see that its workings must be national, not local. It cannot act like a State legislation. The big people see this, like the large packing concerns for instance, which have expressed their willingness to come under its administration.

This is an awful big country and when Washington sends out messages to California they are apt to get cool on the way. Washington says, save on your meat, save on your white bread, use corn products, grow vegetables, cut out waste, keep a cow if you have surplus from your garden, can things, and much more. But there is always meat in the shops at a price, and you perhaps have this; you don't like any but white bread, corn stuff gives you indigestion; you never know what to plant or when, in vegetables; cows smell and moo, and all the rest of it. Do you know what this spells? It is mighty like ignorance or indifference in this great crisis. There is the other angle, the war devotee who makes it an excuse to neglect obvious duties, but after all the Great American people are rising worthily to a great call They have recognized that they have a big job on hand and such has always been the thing for which they looked. The Pacifists and their tribe perhaps should remind us of David Harum's comment about the dog and his fleas. The book has been out many years so here is the quotation, "They say a reasonable amount of fleas is good fer a dog—keeps him from brooding over being a dog," so our little pests at this time may serve to keep us more strenuously at our job.

Patriotic Breads

Here are some recipes which include the use of corn meal, rye and barley flour and other products which, if generally utilized, will release more wheat for export to our allies. These patriotic breads are easy to make and they will help in the patriotic movement, advocated by the United States Food Administration, to save wheat for our fighting men and our allies.

Rye Muffins—Sift together 1 cup of rye flour, 1 cup of white flour, 1 teaspoon of salt and three level teaspoons of baking powder. Beat up 1 egg, add 1 cup of milk and combine with the dry ingredients. Add 1 tablespoon of molasses and 1 tablespoon of melted fat. Bake in hot, well-greased muffin pans twenty-five minutes.

Oatmeal Muffins—Stir 1 cup of rolled oats and 1 tablespoon of fat into 1 cup of hot milk. Boil 1 minute, then allow to stand until luke warm. Soften 1 yeast cake in ¼ cup of luke warm water and add 1 tablespoon of sugar. Combine the two mixtures. Add 1 cup of flour and 1 teaspoon of salt and beat thoroughly. The batter should be stiff as for drop biscuits. Cover and set to raise until light—about an hour. Fill well-greased muffin pans two-thirds full. Let rise until light, then bake twenty-five minutes in a moderately hot oven.

Barley Scones—Sift together 1 cup of whole wheat flour, 1 cup of barley flour, ¼ teaspoon of salt, and 2 teaspoons of baking powder. Work into this 2 tablespoons of fat. Add ⅓ teaspoon of soda to ¾ of a cup of sour milk. Combine the two mixtures to form a soft dough. Turn out on a floured board and knead lightly. Roll out half an inch thick, cut in diamond shapes and bake in hot oven.

Crisp Corn Cakes—Sift together 1 cup of yellow corn meal, 1 cup of flour, ½ teaspoon soda and ½ teaspoon of salt; then stir in 1 and ½ cups of sour milk. Add a beaten egg and beat batter five minutes. Add last 1 tablespoon of hissing hot fat. Pour into hot greased pie plates in a very thin sheet and bake in a quick oven until brown.

Creole Sweet Potato Biscuit—Boil and mash very fine enough sweet potatoes to make a quart. Add ½ teaspoon of salt, 1 tablespoon of sugar, 2 tablespoons of fat and 1 cup of milk heated to boiling point. Soften 1 yeast cake in 1 cup of luke-warm milk which has been previously heated to boiling point and add this gradually to 1 cup of flour to form a sponge. Allow the sponge to rise and drop back. Then combine it with the potato and other material. Add 1 well beaten egg, 3 cups of flour and mix thoroughly. Set to rise in a warm place. When light drop in biscuit from a tablespoon on a greased tin. Do not handle dough. Let biscuit rise until light and bake from fifteen to twenty minutes.

Monthly Excursion In and Around Balboa Park

By G. R. GORTON

THERE is a singular appropriateness in the selection of the Exposition ground as a site for a "Military Reservation," in that it is one of the brightest and most colorful positions of the Park, horticulturally speaking. Youth and bright colors are inseparable, and so it is fitting that the flower of the nation be surrounded by the flowers of the earth. All of this is probably not the reason the site was selected, however, but the facts stand.

Montezuma Gardens are particularly gay at this writing. The flaming scarlet of Salvia ornaments all the corner beds, while the four side beds, two on each side are of Coleus in variety, the other two entirely of red Coleus, all four bordered with Exacum and Pink and Red Vernon Begonias. Also contrary to precedent these Coleus lack that singed cat appearance prevalent among their kind during the summer months.

The large center bed is not so rich in color, but is brightened here and there by the berries of Solanum pseudocapsicum, which is one way of saying Jerusalem Cherry.

Feature beds are the order of the day in the garden south of the Music Pavilion. One of these contains the gorgeous Firebird Canna; which loses none of its charm by the fact that by now a year or two has elapsed since its introduction. The San Diego Canna which shares the same bed, is unique by the fact that the entire stock of this variety is in Balboa Park, and none is listed for sale.

"Many men of many minds, and many Dahlias of many kinds to please them all are also in this feature garden. Many of the varieties are excedingly interesting and worthy of study.

The Southwest bed is blessed with Cannas, Mrs. Geo. Strohlein, and Uncle Sam, the former valuable by reason of its wide tropical-looking bronzy leaves and the latter especially because of its enduring qualities, despite the fact that the Cannas have not been "Manicured," this season. They present a much better appearance than do many varieties which have almost daily valeting in the removal of spent blooms, etc.

It will not be long before the public will be invited to view what promises to be an exceptional display of Chrysanthemums in this same garden, if the present condition of the plants is any criterion.

The border of the esplanade facing the Music Pavilion presents a holiday aspect with Petunias and Ageratum in pleasing combination of fragrance and charm, the Petunias in all colors considered proper for Petunias, the Ageratum in the conventional blue.

The Botanical Building is always attractive, sometimes more sometimes less,—merely a matter of degree. It seems as if during the last few months that the growth of the plants forming the more permanent part of the display had made growth all out of proportion to the period of time. Particularly gigantic are several hanging baskets of Nephrolepis and one or two of Goniophlebium which occupy most of the aerial space in the north end of the glass house. These have assumed the proportion of shade trees and seem to be still going strong. Apparently these plants are a sort of justification for some of the large tales some of the more benighted of us tell about this western country of ours.

On the center bench of the glasshouse several Anthuriums (Flamingo Flowers) are in bloom, and one of the ornamental leaved varieties is putting forth a new leaf or so, which to the minds of many admirers surpasses anything it might do in the flowering line.

Out in the lathhouse the scheme of things has been brightened with potted Salvias and Lilium Tigrinum. The delightful fragrance of the latter perfuming the whole building. In the circular bed a large Abutilon is endeavoring to mislead the unsuspecting public by hanging its flowers upon a Cocos plumosa nearby, presenting exactly the appearance of having been born there. The writer observed at least one visitor who is sure he has seen a Cocos plumosa in full flower.

In the west wing one or two Pittosporum Undulatums have been supplanted by a low bedding of fern and begonias which is very attractive indeed. Over west of the erstwhile Commerce and Industries Building the group of Daturas has covered itself with glory and flowers, and is exceptionally beautiful at this writing.

In the gardens north of the Southern Counties Building one of the most conspicuous features is a bed of Verbenas comprising fully a dozen colors and shades.

Are you saving your money to invest in the second issue of the LIBERTY LOAN?

Pickings and Peckings

By THE EARLY BIRD

THAT meeting of the Floral Association at the Wangenheim residence has set me thinking about Walled gardens and when I think I am apt to shoot.

There is a growing feeling for walls in the gardens of San Diego and already a fair assortment is scattered around. I have seen most of these and from them and many more in diverse lands have located certain notions in my mind that I wish to get rid of.

Primarily a wall is intended to keep something in or out and unless it fulfills some such function it is apt to appear lonesome and lost, like many of these memorial arches that get stranded in open spaces where it is just as easy to go round as under them. There is a low garden wall in San Diego that runs a short distance on a hill top and stops suddenly at the brink of the drop with its nose in the air, so to speak, as if it were saying Where the devil do I go now? and receiving no answer halts indecisively. This is not intended as a criticism but merely to secure a definite job for any wall that may be coming along.

Possibly the garden wall owes its origin to the use of walls for protection in the days when men fought one another with weapons that respected walls, and in the peaceful intervals these were found useful horticulturally. In Europe it is the kitchen garden that has the wall and I recall many such built purely as a protection and support for fruit trees, located entirely away from the residence and constructed without any reference to architectural effect, but within the confines of towns and villages. Small places are frequently walled to secure privacy and possibly this is the best excuse we shall find in San Diego for the Walled Garden. There is no doubt that we are awaking to the fact that our gardens are to live in; that in their highest evolution they will be a retiring place where we can go and face ourselves and our Maker and attempt to work out those vital soul problems that have nothing to do with dollars and cents or material, ill or well. If you will permit let us say they will become sanctuaries.

I take this wall business seriously as I am apt to do garden matters generally. My first school memories include endeavoring to solve a Latin problem in which one Balbus builds a wall, and The Great Wall of China draws my imagination like a magnet does steel and so I say that a garden wall must be approached thoughtfully, even prayerfully. In the town it must architecturally agree with the residence and this particularly on the outside. I cannot conceive of a frivolous garden wall. It must be dignified, it must appear to be the careful guardian of treasures within and its gates are extremely important. I never saw a garden gate that I liked but what had some lattice work to suggest that though privacy were desired nothing went on within but what the public might see as the gods did. Further I like them of oak, weathered and much behinged, preferably a wooden latch. When ninety-nine per cent of the garden walls of one's acquaintance are of brick one naturally thinks of them in brick and strangely memory puts in all these very plain walls a sort of coping about a foot from the top, a mere extra layer, but for some reason, a distinctive feature. They are all old, the mortar has sifted out of the cracks, a brick here and there has scaled, moss and lichen grow on the north side and fruit trees pear, apple, plum, fig, apricot, trained to go the way they should go to the fraction of an inch, grow on the south and great oak doors let in the carriage and in one of these big doors is a little one through which you and I go.

I am not going to build a garden wall or I might not be so frank with these job-lot ideas, but I feel in my bones that walls are going up in my city, so coming back from old world wanderings let us go on with our conclusions so easy to do when we don't have to act upon them.

Walls cost money, much money and in a country where fences in great variety can be easily and quickly grown the building of a wall must be largely for the wall's sake. This must mean the wall is wanted for itself and not merely as a support for vines or other growth and therefore the planting in front of a wall or on it must be thin enough to allow it to earn interest on its cost by gladdening the eye of the builder. As a general principle, my own and therefore to be disregarded if you wish, walls need the mass of foliage at the top with the wall showing beneath in contra distinction to pillars which want the mass at their base, and it is here that the fruit trees trained laterally and thinned out every year are peculiarly fitting. The citrus trees are also so treated in the Moorish gardens of Spain. From the outside view, perhaps the most important, that which peeps or hangs over the wall is the chief issue. Miss Sessions' pet Guatamala syringa hangs over the Timken wall adorably and I like the Bauhinia over the Clayton wall. Speaking generally these wall peepers do not want to be of heavy or dense growth. I can imagine a flowering

peach would be admirable and I have seen pear trees over the garden wall that I liked. Vines should be sparingly used, nothing all pervading like the ficus or English ivy. A climbing rose of straggling habit like Marechal Niel, the bignonias and bougainvilleas want a higher structure. They would be all right if folks would prune them within bounds but they won't. It will not be possible to so plan the garden that all the wall will be on exhibition all the time, nor is it desirable, for the best planning of a small garden gives an illusion of space. I can imagine that a tall hedge planted in front of part of the wall leaving room for a border and a path would make a delightful feature, a sort of lovers' walk. Possibly the lovers' walk is out of date but if so I dare to think it ought not to be. It is the regular title for the most delightful secluded lane in every village in England and any red-blooded person should be able to find use for all of them. Another vine that might well be used on the wall is clematis paniculata and of course if they would grow, the large flowered clematis.

In the wall itself certain architectural stunts are permissable, a fountain, recess for a seat, etc., but already this article is too long and it is well to leave something to the imagination and individual preference even in a wall.

The DAHLIA

By A. D. ROBINSON

WITH this month the dahlia will be through its blooming for this year and it all depends upon the season how many and how good flowers October yields. Late September has been very favorable, giving better color in those varieties inclined to fade than at any other time. This is peculiarly noticeable with Souvenir de Gustav Doazon which fairly glows at this writing.

I have ceased to disbud because I know that at any time an early rain may arrive and the large blooms suffer most from too much moisture. In fact the heavy dews are enough to melt them down. Further, my plants can now carry all the blooms till the end of their season. I do however continue to remove all spent flowers with more care than before.

Again this year I notice that mildew starts with the plants that have not been fertilized right along, and by the way, there is no hope of doing anything for mildew on dahlias this late. I have experimented this year with guano and goat fertilizer on both Doazon and my White Star in the East and the former has given the larger flowers and better foliage though the latter seems to grow more blooms to the stalk. A friend to whom I had given some tubers queried me as to why her blooms were not as large as mine, remarking with an injured air that she had fertilized the ground before planting. I confessed to fertilizing every week doing it by sowing the dry fertilizer in the trench made for irrigating just after that operation. To maintain the quality of bloom, dahlias must be fed right along. Had I only a few clumps I should use liquid fertilizer preferably made from fresh chicken manure, or in default, a weak solution of common washing ammonia.

It is late to talk about growing blooms but one should be considering taking care of the tubers. When the chance of blooms worth anything is over cease to water and let the tubers mature but don't cut off the tops unless the situation absolutely demands it when they can be removed leaving quite a stump. Of course you have carefully marked all the tubers you wish to plant again. Don't dig any tubers yet, in fact some of the weak ones like Geisha might better be left in the ground till planting time when they can be taken up and divided and at once replanted. I instance Geisha because in three trials of Fall digging of tubers I failed to carry over one of this variety and those I have blooming now will stay in the ground.

We must come to the late planting, say July, in order to have October blooms. The most vigorous Doazons I have were planted this month and although the tubers had sprouted and in some cases even budded while waiting under a eucalyptus the flowers have been above par. Most varieties of dahlias picked in the morning will keep two or three days in the house now, when they would not survive that many hours a month earlier. There is every reason why dahlias should be planted in succession and thus a season of at least six months could be procured.

I have not been hilariously encouraged in my effort to start a dahlia club for next year's show, not having had a single applicant for that Doazon premium. The offer still holds good but I may forget about it unless action is taken in reasonable time.

Song of San Diego (*The Beloved City*)

MISS A. K. R. THOMPSON

PART I.

1. Now will I sing thy praises, my City, my Dearly Beloved; the everlasting hills are round about thee; thou hast crowned thyself therewith, as with a violet crown.

2. Thy rosy foot is dipped in the blue waters of the bay; the fishes that swim in the depths below thee, flicker like tongues of changeful flame.

3. They flash in thy nets like the gold of Ophir; thou art enthroned above them, as above a sea of glass mingled with fire.

4. The wild flowers cover thy rounded limbs in the spring time; they ring about thy thighs their coils of irridescent beauty.

5. The bees are drawn by the sweetness of their breath, by the splendor of their eyes; thy honey is sweeter than manna, it is more lucent than amber, it excelleth for fragrance the precious balms of the merchants.

6. Thy garments smell of wild myrrah and all manner of odorous spices; thy weeds are like unto wrought gold.

6. Thy garments smell of wild myrrh and thy vesture with her blood red rubies set in frosted silver; she spreadeth about the hems of thy skirts her leaves of dewy light.

PART II

8. Summer that liveth forever walketh with thee in thy gardens; thy roses are sweeter than the roses of Damascus; of thy lilies, thy violets and thy carnations there is no end.

9. Thy beds are bordered with every manner of blossom that satisfieth the senses and giveth delight unto the eyes; thy hangings are more glorious than the hangings of princes with silken flowers of blue and white and scarlet.

10. The green arches of the palm trees spring above thee; the boughs of the cedar tree and the cypress tree strew their purple shadows beneath thy feet.

11. The acacia tree giveth thee her golden fringes; and the pepper tree her blushing coral with its spices.

12. The eucalyptus lifteth her wealth of pink and white before thee; even as the hawthorne shaketh out her clouds of pearl and rose in May.

13. The oleanders and magnolias swing their gleaming censers about thee; also the sweet jasmine that openeth her silver stars at noonday and her golden stars at night.

14. The birds pour forth their songs like bubbling brooks alive with laughter; even in the blackness of night, the curtains of the darkness are shaken with their singing.

15. The flowering of the fruit trees foameth over thy tresses and kisseth thy temples; the inexhaustible abundance of thine orchards and thy vineyards is become thy glory.

16. Thy figs drip with milk, and the smell of thine apples is sweet in thy nostrils; thine oranges glow through their branches like apples of red gold whose blossom is silver.

PART III

17. The butterflies and the humming birds are like jewels that clasp thy veils of gossamer, blown about thee by the pleasant wind.

18. Thou hast gathered thy corn, thy wine and thine oil into thy store houses; thy riches are heaped in thy granaries, the clusters of thy grapes lie warm betwen thy breasts.

19. Thine olives fill the land with fatness; the fruit thereof is as polished jade set in boughs of beaten silver.

20. Thy hand flingeth the shuttle, and the sickle hangeth at thy girdle; thy bread feedeth the hungry and the light of thine eyes giveth strength unto the weak.

21. Thy foundations are set with all manner of precious stones; thou art founded upon the treasures of the earth.

22. Thou hast fetched down rivers of waters from the mountains above; thy streams make glad the land so that thy valleys laugh and sing.

23. Thy streets are paved with sunlight as with pure gold. The trees that are set therein are green continually; they gleam like emeralds.

24. Thy camphor trees give forth a pleasant smell; their young leaves are as a feathery crest of crimson.

25. It sparkleth above the streets in the clear air as seaweed sparkleth in the water; even as sea weed that crowneth the crest of the wave with a red glittering.

PART IV

26. Thy gates are fashioned of the pearl of the sea; the white handed moon is the portress of thy ways.

27. She openeth and no man shutteth; and shutteth and no man openeth.

28. Thine eys are radiant with the wonder of the Dawning; thy cheeks are glorious with the glory of the sunset.

29. Thy voice is as the voice of many waters; their rejoicing filleth thy lips forever.

30. St. Michael standeth up to guard thee on the right hand, and on the left; he taketh the thunder clouds for his breastplate.

31. The sword of his lightnings cleaveth the tempest, and setteth the storms far from thee.

32. Blessed be thou my City forever, because of the love I bear thee; yea, blessed are all those that are born of thee, and the stranger within thy gate.

33. The hearts of thy people are full of kindness, as their figs are full of milk; music maketh melody in all their houses.

34. Blessed art thou my City with a double Blessing; thou shalt prosper more and more because of the love thy children have towards thee.

35. Riches and honor and great glory shall all the nations bring unto thee, because their delight is in thee; from this time forth forever more.

The Flower Garden

Miss Mary Matthews

AS usual, this month brings round to us the thought of bulb planting. What kinds shall I plant? When and how? Any one of the familiar kinds can be put in now. Narcissus, jonquils, anemones, etc. All of the smaller kinds which want to be planted in groups of a dozen or so to be effective can be planted now.

Early in the season many of the dealers predicted a shortage of bulbs, as most of them come from Holland, but they seem to becoming as usual, at little higher prices maybe, but just as beautiful. Speaking of anemones, I saw last week in the garden of Mr. W. J. Page, Mission Hills, the thriftiest clump of anemone japonica, var. Queen Charlotte, I have ever seen in California. This, as its name indicates, came from Japan. It is not a bulb, but is fibrous rooted and wants to be planted now.

When planting your anemones and ranunculus don't forget to soak them in tepid water. Now is a good time to transplant and divide perennials that are beginning to turn brown.

Shasta daisies divided and reset now will give earlier and larger blooms. Plant any annuals that you may want for winter blooming. Sweetpeas planted now ought to give fine blooms. According to some of the garden magazines, next year will be a great sweetpea year, as the seeds are fairly cheap and can be procured at home. The Floral Association could have a fine sweetpea show here next season if every member would agree to put in a short row of one or more kinds and give them the best of care until ready for exhibition.

Prune deciduous shrubs that are through blooming, loosen the soil around them and give them a mulch of strawy manure. This is a good time also for planting any of the shrubs that flower in early spring or summer. Many make good wind-breaks (all the cassias like wind) also many give beautiful flowers in the late winter or spring.

In a late government article I notice recommended for Florida and Southern California the planting of Assonia Wallichii, from Madagascar. It is a large shrub with velvety cordate leaves and lovely pink flowers in large drooping heads. It is a winter bloomer. This shrub was formerly listed as Dombeys, and the variety known as Natal Syringa is fairly common here.

When one takes a stroll around San Diego it is surprising how many uncommon, and also beautiful, things are to be seen. That is, if you take the trouble to find them out, as they are often in the most unexpected places.

The hibiscus have luxuriated in the hot weather this year. Their blooms were never finer. Oleanders also have done unusually well.

SIMPLE AND WASTEFUL

Could a housekeeper serve less than bacon, rolls and coffee for breakfast? The answer is serve more and waste less. Yes, waste less of what the Food Administration has asked the American people to use carefully. Bacon and wheat flour are two of these foods. The simple breakfast of bacon and rolls means eating too much of the concentrated foods needed for shipping to Europe, and too little of the perishable foods that can be used only at home. The substitution of the perishables for the foods that can be shipped is the small daily service asked of each householder.

With this simple breakfast a boy of twelve will eat six rolls and all the bacon you will allow, and then not be satisfied.

Rolls, bacon and coffee—too much wheat, too much meat—a waste of the most precious products when we consider the world's needs; a waste of highly concentrated foods when we consider the limited shipping space available for sending food to our fighting men and allies.

How can the housekeeper get that simple breakfast in line with Americanism and simple humanity? Here is the answer. Replace the rolls with cornmeal muffins, cut the bacon to two rashers apiece, and add a generous dish of one of these locally produced perishables—apples, potatoes, or hominy grits.

This is a cheaper meal, a better balanced meal, and a less wasteful meal than that simple breakfast.

A Trip to the Y. W. C. A. Camp at Alpine

By Dr. Lena Creswell

HE study of plants, shrubs and flowers brings one nearer to them; and as we become acquainted with the different species, we soon learn to recognize them and to feel that we have met old time friends. However, this love for nature is not only an educational but a spiritual growth as well. Business people are prone to get in a groove of work and worry, and by this association with nature they are enabled to get away from this routine and are kept balanced.

Seeking this comradeship with the world, a party (all members of the San Diego Business Women's Club) decided to motor to Alpine. Leaving San Diego early Saturday morning, we soon found ourselves near Flynn Springs beyond El Cajon. The roadside was picturesque with the tall branching shrubs of the tree tobacco with its clusters of long greenish yellow flowers. A member of the night shade family Nicotiana Glauca. The dodder, known as the love vine or golden thread, a species of the morning glory family, was beautiful as it spread its tangle of golden meshes over the wild buckwheat and greasewood. Such a parasite of the plant world, drawing its life from the plant it twines about, does not deserve so worthy a title as love vine. The Dehesa road follows a creek for a short distance and there grows the evening primrose, Oenothera grandiflora, a beautiful yellow flower. Going up the grade we found a very narrow road and looking over the embankment and gazing down across the Dehesa Valley with its green fields stretching away into the hills, we could see a little haze of pink to the wild buckwheat, this with the brownish heather appearance of the greasewood, together with the various shades of green and brown on the hills, presented a picture of a typical California landscape. Hanging over all was that pale lilac color which merged into a blue tint on the foot-hills. All the landscape lay like a dream of peace under the spell of this coloring. Arriving at the top of the grade, we soon came to the camp which was nestled among the trees. A creek winding down had crept lovingly about the roots of the live oaks and sycamores and unless one followed the stream as we did, one could never guess what was hidden in the depths of the shrubbery and trees. A brilliant little red blossom the Indian Pink was found peering through the green of the thickets. Emerging from the thicket we rested on a huge rock which appeared to be of volcanic origin. This brought a picture of centuries ago when there came a great volcanic upheaval and then a grand adjustment and settling of the whole grand mix up. The wild cucumber was growing over some nearby rocks. It belongs to the gourd family and has an immense root. The slopes around had a silvery appearance due to the white sage, with its tall purple blossoms from which the famous California honey is made. The sage brought to our minds Zane Grey's novel "The Riders of the Purple Sage". The blue sage, or black sage, added much to the color of the hillside. We came upon masses of the sticky monkey flower which is cultivated in the East as green house plants. Another variety was found in the marshes, the Mimulus cardinalis handsome scarlet flowers. These plants are known as monkey flowers, so named from the shape of the corrolla, supposed to resemble the gaping countenance of an ape.

The manzanita is perhaps the best known of all our shrubs and is the most beautiful. It was found by its peculiar brown bark. The Greek generic name means bear-berry. The Spanish name is taken from Manzana, which means apple, and its diminutive-ita-Manzanita, so called by the Spanish Californians on account of its fruit resembling tiny apples.

We gathered on the porch of the old farm house to watch the sunset. No one could paint such a beautiful picture. The tall eucalyptus trees were on one side and on the other the live oaks and sycamores. The evening star Venus was like an arc light in the sky. The Spanish name for evening star is "La estrella de la Oracion", the star of prayer. Here the beautiful silver crescent moon and a cloud floating near Venus added to the level rays of sunset spreading their beauty over all. The pink tinting was reflected far up the sky in a radiant glory of color, until all the colors at last melted into the twilight which went into cloud mist. Then the stars came out, many of them seemed very near, but it takes the light from the closest one, Alpha Centauri, many years to reach us. From the handle of the big dipper, which the Mexicans call "El Carro", the cart, we found Arcturus, one of the greatest suns in the universe, and not far away is Spica. These leaders slowly trailed their splendors across the sky. In the east near the milk dipper is Antares, the red star in Scorpio and the Archer near by. Now the northern cross is visible with Deneb from which we find Altair and Vega.

Then we heard the call of the birds which Serviss declared evoluted from the reptiles. In the morning came the first faint streaks of dawn and the sunrise, and as the birds began to awaken and the morning burst

forth, we were reminded of Greig's "Morning" in the "Peer Gynt Suite", showing how well he understood nature and music. Watching the many, many golden rays of sunshine, one of our number called our attention to the fact that as each sunbeam radiated from the source of all light and each had its place, so there is a place for each individual radiating from the center of life.

That afternoon under the beautiful live-oak trees with their grand green heads and their one hundred foot spread, we talked about the plants and shrubs and the different things they mean to different minds. Captain Jack Crawford's lines were recalled.

I love to wander
Amid the vales and mountains green,
In the borderland out yonder,
Where the hand of God is seen".

The Julius Wangenheim Garden

By Winfield Hale.

About five minutes ago, as I was passing the Elite Printing Shop, Guy Keene rushed out and "grabbed" me. "Why can't you write up Mr. Wangenheim's garden," he asked. "Can't very well," I replied, "it's too good a garden." "That's just the reason I asked you," he shot back. Subtle nattery stuff that Mr. K. is noted for. At any rate this is an attempt at a description of Mr. Wangenheim's garden.

Before we saw the garden, Mr. Robinson told us about "Walled Gardens" as he grew up in them in England, and as he has visited them in Spain.

While I always enjoy Mr. Robinson's talks well enough to go many blocks to hear one, it seemed that this story of English gardens, as seen through his boyhood eyes, was unusually fascinating.

First and foremost, such a garden is to be made an integral part of a home, the wall to match the house as to material and design, and the big reason for it is that the owner may thus get a bit of absolute solitude and peace, at least once in the day.

The wall is not to obtrude itself as a wall, but to be a background for the shrubbery, though not massed with foliage, and over the wall, on the outside, bits of greenery will give hints of the verdure inside.

After these ideas we saw the Wangenheim garden, perhaps a hundred by a hundred and twenty-five feet, it is landscaped from two points. First the house and street entrance to the garden, and secondly from a delightful tea pavilion.

The general style is Italian, which is relieved from stiffness by a touch of stiffness throughout. In the opposite wall which is up a slight slope is a fountain from which, coming toward one, is a series of pools and falls, surrounded by paths. On each side of these pools is smooth lawn backed by shrubbery.

The wall is of dark red brick and one never dreams but that the man who built the house, built the wall also, yet the host informed me that seven months ago the garden was a dry, vacant lot.

In studying this place it is very apparent that the garden was carefully designed as a unit, with a clear idea of the effect to be produced from certain view points. To my mind, one of its most valuable traits is the sense of harmony and peace which pervades every detail. There is no jarring note, no cluttering of quantity over quality.

We Americans are only too liable to make our gardens in a slam bang way, with no delicacy, or sense of refinement. This garden is made as though a connoisseur had expected to spend months and years contemplating and enjoying it without ever finding a single flaw.

Now, you should go up and peep through the gate to find out what I have been trying to tell you.

DRY BREAD MADE APPETIZING

Waste no dry bread. A single slice is valuable and every bit thrown away means greater hunger in Europe. Here are practical ways to use dry bread and thereby help in the food saving campaign, as urged by the United States Food Administration!

Cut it in thin slices and toast it. Crisp toast is appetizing with almost any breakfast drink.

Cut dry portions of loaves into cubes about three-fourths of an inch square, put in a shallow pan and toast in the oven to a golden brown. Serve for use in soup.

Revive the old-fashioned dish of bread and milk,—an excellent use for dry bread.

Make into bread pudding, using raisins liberally to give flavor and make the dish more attractive and nourishing.

Or break up the dry bread into small pieces and crush with a rolling pin, saving the bread crumbs for future use in the place of flour. A covered glass jar is a convenient receptacle for storing them.

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Let empty cans and jars wait for fruit. Don't try to make fruit wait long for containers.

Californians Abroad

By Guy L. Fleming

(Continued)

WE were informed, by our host, that the road before us was in very good condition. We thanked him for the welcome news, and for his kindness to us, and launched out in a flurry of sand.

It was not long before Steve was making frequent shifts into low. Soon the whole crew was out digging sand from in front of the wheels, and laying what brush we could find. Then it was, "everybody push". Groanings and blue smoke on the part of "Liz", and away we went, skidding and sloughing, until we stalled in another drift. This was our initiation into the desert. We were getting a very good idea of what a real sandstorm could offer in the way of entertainment for the traveler. What had been a fair desert road the day before had become part of the general landscape; only here and there a clayey stretch that could not be moved.

Years ago the Padres, with hoods drawn together in front to ward off the stinging sands, fought their way against these winds as they ministered to their desert children. Later the slow moving ox-trains labored and struggled through the drifts in trying to reach the next watering-place. (Along this bit of the trail it is over twenty miles betwen "springs". A good day's journey for an ox-team.)

Somewhere along this trail, in the spring of 1854, John Jeffery, a Scotch botanist sent out by an Edinburgh horticultural society to complete the work begun by David Douglass, is thought to have perished in attempting to make the trip from San Diego to Yuma. But his name lives on in the "Jeffery Pine".

We stopped a few moments at the old sea line, and gathered fossils. Here is a true bit of shell strewn beach. Centuries have passed since the waves played among its sands; the mighty Colorado built a dam of silt deposits across the extension of the Gulf of California that filled this valley, and formed an inland sea. For a time the river flowed into this sea, strangling and burying all marine life in its mud laden waters; later, when the Colorado again discharged into the Gulf, evaporation reduced the sea leaving a great valley below the level of the Pacific, yet today this ancient shore-line, plainly visible, remains. And from this point the traveler, as he journeys eastward into the valley, may reckon his altitude below sea level.

Swinging to the right, we headed toward a mountain that stands out in the desert away from the main range. It seemed just a huge pile of rock and desolation. As we came nearer it seemed to open up and soon we found ourselves passing up a crevice right into the heart of the mountain. A mile from the desert we came to a spring. Here we made camp, and were right glad of the chance. Our record for the day was sixty miles in eight hours. Not so bad compared with that of an ox-team under similar circumstances, but no gad wielder ever put in a more strenuous day.

This camp had been used a few weeks previous to our arrival by some men who were developing a marble prospect nearby. They had left a cache among the rocks, one of the chief items, to our minds at least, (I've heard since that someone else fancied the tools), was a tent. Which same we soon had set up and anchored with rocks.

Supper was a short order affair; after which we promptly turned in. The wind threatened to blow the tent down, but we were too tired to care, we'd only get bumped with a tent pole anyway.

We were out early the next morning. The air was almost frosty, and the water felt as though it had been iced. A combination that removes sleepiness and puts a fine edge on the appetite. Each fellow took his turn at producing a big stack of flap-jacks, which were dressed with honey gathered by desert bred bees. Fleming was told that the eggs "just hit the spot". It so happens that in packing the grub-box at the noon camp of the previous day Fleming overlooked the egg box and left it on the table of our host at Carrizo Springs.

After breakfast the Naturalist and I took our pack-sacks, the gun, and a canteen of water and headed up the canyon, leaving Steve in camp to give "Liz" a good grooming.

In the morning light the gorge seemed a miniature Grand Canyon. The coloring of the rocks, the perpendicular walls, towering above us, casting shadows that made the depths appear greater, together with the profound solitude, were very awe-inspiring. The gorge had had its origin in some great upheaval. It seemed that we were walking into the very heart of the earth. Aside from looking into a living volcano one could not have a better view of the world in the making. Every conceivable formation was in evidence, from the oldest granites to the more recent sandstones. Traces of nearly all the metals were seen; also tourmalines, garnets, and other local gems. The canyon, by the way, is called Garnet Canyon, because the sands of its bed are composed principally of tiny garnets.

The Lath House

By A. D. Robinson

THERE is more than a hint of Fall in the air and it is beginning to be reflected in the lathhouse, perhaps most noticeably in those ferns that, starting up early, rest definitely in the winter, such as Pteris Tremula the fronds of which now ripening are apt to harbor considerable black or brown scale which will spread its smut over adjacent growths. It would seem to be the point of wisdom to cut off these fronds even if they are still green, especially as from now on the general growth wants thinning to let in more sun and air, and room should be made for primulas and cinerarias that will soon be ready for putting out.

As we are evolving out of the experimental stage the lathhouse space is more valuable and whereas in the early days quite common growths were allowed to preempt more and more ground we can now consider removing them to put in choicer things. The writers lathhouse has long had a most prominent mound practically covered with umbrella plant and the commonest form of Nephrolepis fern. It was green and cheerful and gave no trouble so it was left undisturbed from year to year, but lately it was cleared off and replaced with various begonias and choice ferns and everybody said, "Oh, why did you not do it long ago?" This is merely instanced to reinforce the doctrine that the planting in ever so small a lathhouse is never completed, and the smaller the house the choicer should be the planting. This is a hard doctrine for the days of contract jobs, in which time is an essence of the contract, yet gardening is not a job, it is a life work and more. Consider the Japanese who pass from father to son the work of training a dwarf pine.

The work in the lathhouse is now largely one of getting ready to move out. We hope the days of rain are near. It has rained in the North, and before they come, staking and tying and pruning is in order. All the tall growing begonias should be safely supported and overshadowing growths removed from the smaller ones, such as Verschaefeldi. That is not how to spell it but a new pronunciation lately from Los Angeles has set up such a confusion that the spelling has got mixed. Its handsome large leaves are apt to be spoiled by the lodging of dead leaves or other matter upon them and it is making its growth now preparatory to blooming early in the year.

Of all the seasonal things the coleus have easily given the most for the least care and every lathhouse should have them next season. They are as easily raised from seed as cabbage but the best seed procurable should be used. The very large specimen plants are carried over the winter in pots, and with a glass house or window it is worth making cuttings of the best seedlings. It is much harder to fail than to succeed in rooting these cuttings for all that is necessary is to put them in water in a glass jar and place them in a warm spot, even right in the sun.

Tuberous begonias should be allowed to dry off when the stalk will come away from the tuber normally; never cut off the stalk. The tubers are not easy to carry over and if in pots are better left there and the pots placed on their sides under a bench or somewhere out of the wet. They must not be allowed to dry up. If they have to be taken out of the soil they should be well dried on the surface and packed away in sand. They will carry through in the ground and had better be left there unless one expects to keep a close watch on them till next planting time.

A bit of glass is almost a necessity with the lathhouse and though we tell the stranger we need no heat in there we really mean as a general thing for there are a few nights when tender things get shivery. Lamenting the lack of this little warming the other day a visitor said, "Why a small electric stove would be all you need in here;" and of course he was right for it would not be advisable to have warmth which might cause an undue tenderness of growth. All that is necessary is not to have too much cold. The sole question that remains is that of the current consumption of this stove for there have been those that ate like a horse and did not even get warm. With just a little heat lots of glorious things now denied us could be had, such as Adiantum Farleyense, Crotons perhaps, and other thin blooded but gorgeous dwellers in pots. Why not a regular electric small conservatory heater? This idea is offered free of charge to our local Electric Company.

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Can! Summer investment of time and money, small; winter returns in food and health, large.

Establish a home canning firm, "Father, Mother and Co."---don't forget the little "co's."

The California Garden

Alfred D. Robinson, Editor
G. T. Keene, Manager
Office, 945 Seventh St., San Diego, Cal.

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Floral Association Meetings

Evening Meetings

October 16—Probably at the Lincoln School. Subject, "Tree Planting and Wild Flowers." With stereoptican by Mr. Harold Taylor.

November 20—"The Harvest," "Facts of the Garden Campaign." Photos and views. Seed donations for distribution. "Thanksgiv- Decorations," "Late Plantings."

Out-Door Meetings—2:30 p. m.

November 6—Will some one please recommend a garden or some neighborhood of gardens, in the eastern part of the city, if possible.

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The Rose

WITH the cooler nights the roses are blooming again; that is, those that have been irrigated, and showing their real color, but the fall crop is never the equal of that in the spring. A visit to the Park rose garden in September showed a surprising quantity of bloom but the color was away off. That glorious warrior, General MacArthur, showed that his liver was out of order and the yellow shaded, like Mrs. Ward and Waddell, were almost white. It is not only a mistake but an insult to ask roses to compete with Zinnias and Dahlias in the late summer in this climate, further there is no sense in it. Of the various baby roses that border many of the beds only one seemed to be distinctive from those that have gone before under different names and that was "Baby Doll", a charming pink edged shading yellow that must be delightful in the rose season and is worthy of a trial in every garden. That wizard Mr. Slack was carefully removing those futile little bottom shoots that do nothing but eat fertilizer, in spite of the fact that it was growing dark and that one mosquito, which some valiant defender of San Diego wrote in the Daily press was the only one of the species here, was on the job in the Rose garden and wonderfully numerous for a lone warrior. This is a wonderful rose garden but without being critical it is dreadfully flat and a few pillars and arches would be mighty effective. Certainly an arch at the entrance would not be contrary to Roberts rules of order.

This growth being made on the roses now should be sort of saved and if blooms are cut don't cut them to the bone, you will want the wood when pruning time comes. The effort to get a fall crop out of bushes that have worked hard all the early part of the year is a little like driving a willing horse to death. It may appeal to an efficiency expert, if that effective but soulless individual has penetrated into the garden, but it will not be approved by the real gardener. America has got fed up on so many things by overdoing it, and the gardens of California in its all the year round climate have bred contempt for many delightful things by too long familiarity "to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven; a time to plant and a time to pluck up that which was planted," so says the good book but Californians have ignored the advice and consequently are losing the zest that the various seasons bring round year after year with their appropriate flowers. No flower has suffered like the rose in this respect.

There will be no great rose activity till next month when planting should commence, but judging by past experience some folks had better get ready now to plant some weeks hence, they need such a lot of preparation. There is one thing that might be done and that is to grub out those old worn out bushes and the sorts that are there just because they happened and make ready the soil for some good ones. The finest roses are short lived bushes and the first cost of new ones is negligible.

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The Vegetable Garden

By Walter Birch

A GREAT many people, particularly new comers, think that October is too late to do much in the vegetable garden, consequently they are surprised to learn that we successfully plant and raise a number of our best vegetables better in the winter than we do in the summer, and with much less trouble.

For the benefit of those who have not yet made a garden I will give a few general directions.

First get some well rotted stable or cow manure and spread it over your ground three or four inches thick. Then furrow your land, putting the furrows about two feet apart, and let the water run in these furrows long enough to wet the ground to a depth of at least three feet. Allow it to dry out enough so that it digs without sticking, and dig to a depth of one foot. You will find a spading fork much better than a spade. If your soil is heavy and clayey, spread some lime on the surface before irrigating, about 100 pounds to six or eight hundred square feet. If your garden is small and you do not need a load of manure, get a sack or two of pulverized sheep manure and rake it into the surface after spading. It is easy to handle and quickly available for your plants.

Rake off your ground and plant your vegetables in rows about two feet apart. In sowing seeds the uninitiated always plant too deep. Remember that most seeds should only be planted to a depth of two or three times their own circumference. In other words, such seeds as turnips, lettuce, carrots, onions and other seeds of similar size should be planted from one-quarter to half an inch deep, and peas and beans from one to two inches.

It is very important to have your ground soaked to a good depth before planting, because you then have moisture enough in the soil to bring your seeds up, which is much easier than irrigating and messing round in order to obtain that result. After this do not allow the tender plants to dry out, but keep the ground moist (not wet) and cultivate enough to keep loose with a fine surface. You will find that all the following seeds will do well if given proper care: Beets, carrots, cabbage, cauliflower, cress, endive, kale, kohbrabi, lettuce, mustard, onions, parsley, parsnips and turnips. You can also plant a few potatoes, Canadian Wonder or Broad Windsor beans, and begin to set out rhubarb and horseradish roots.

The opinion with regard to the supply of Dutch bulbs we are going to get from Europe this year seems to be rather divided, some say that large shipments have already been made and again equally good authorities claim the exportation of bulbs from Holland has been prohibited, however, let us hope that if this is so the embargo was not proclaimed early enough to cut off much of the supply that usually gets to the United States.

Ramblings

By H. E. Sies

The article on the Dahlia by Mr. Robinson in the September issue of the Garden is both timely and interesting.

Especially that part dealing with the question of organizing a Dahlia club. My experience teaches me that this is the only practical and sure way that we can have success in being up to date and growing them in sufficient quantity to make an annual exhibit that will do credit to a tourist centre.

This feature was brought home to me very forcibly at the Dahlia Show by the many inquiries from people coming from all parts of the country, several of them placing generous orders for Spring delivery. I see no reason why there should not be a strong club thoroughly organized by next planting time.

For the benefit of those who may be interested, will state that I have over fifty orders now on file, with additions coming right along for spring delivery. I have spoken to several about it and they seem to take very kindly to the plan, so you see the prospects are very good and I shall be pleased to cooperate with any movement of this kind. I predict its success right now, and what is more there will be a Chrysanthemum Club on the list in the near future.

In my rounds of late, I have been more than pleased to find how many have a little space devoted to this grand old flower. Other flowers may come and go, and there may be seasons that we hear little or nothing about it, but nevertheless it holds a place in our hearts that none other will ever crowd out, no matter how pleasing or coquettish they may be. It will not be any fault of the writer if some of its devotees in San Diego do not produce some wonderful bloom in the next year or so. Some of my Yellow William Turner plants are now showing buds larger than silver dollars, you can guess the rest. By the way the Lady Missionary that so ruffled up the feathers of the early bird at the Dahlia show made good her threat to show me how to spell Geisha. She learned how in Japan, so she said.

Fortunately for me was it that the other names were not of Japanese origin, for she

would have caught another one, which the Early Bird picked up a little later on.

But after all, it was a good show and combined with the kind and considerate treatment at the hands of those having it in charge, leaves nothing but the pleasantest of memories that it will be a pleasure for my mind to revert to in the cycle of coming years.

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JAMS, JELLIES AND PRESERVES

Possibly the price of butter has already suggested the use of jams, jellies and preserves in larger quantities than usual. But aside from the saving in cost, there is a national service as well.

Butter is readily transported and exported, whereas these other products, which are usually put up in glass jars, lend themselves best to home or local consumption. Eat as much as possible of the home-grown products, thus releasing foods which naturally flow in large commercial channels for shipment abroad. This policy has the endorsement of the United States Food Administration and is essentially sound.

Jams, jellies and preserves do not have the same kind of nutriment as butter and are not a substitute, but the judgment of the American housewife and mother is sufficient safeguard against an excessive reduction of butter consumption.

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The sooner into the can, the fresher the taste next winter.

Can for home use in glass containers, as tin cans may be scarce.

Pickle or brine suitable vegetables in crocks.

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Standard and rare varieties from kindergarten to high school sizes.

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C. D. BOWER NURSERIES

2412 L Street Pacific, Main 4455

"Syracuse" Traveled 6,000 Miles for a Ribbon

All summer we have been gloating over a super fowl that was developing in our yards and day by day showing new excellencies. At night we lay and sweated blood lest the morning should disclose some accident to him, but never a pimple came on his comb nor feather went awry on his body and so at the time appointed he journeyed across the continent to Syracuse, New York, where at the State Fair he met twenty of the picked cock birds of the East, including the proud winner at Chicago last winter.

Was he dismayed? Not on your life! He stood up straight in his manly beauty and captured the blue ribbon. He has been named SYRACUSE and these are the generations of SYRACUSE. INTRUDER VI. begat INTRUSON and he begat OH MY, and OH MY begat I SHOULD SAY, who was First cock at the World's Fair at San Francisco, and I SHOULD SAY begat SYRACUSE, and all the rest of the prize winners that belong to this family. Is not their history recorded at Rosecroft, and they themselves both there and scattered over the land?

We are not caring what you think, for our pride is at full tide and our name emblazoned on the Barred Rock shield of the land. SYRACUSE is our product for six generations and he journeyed three thousand miles and beat the hottest class of cocks shown at the New York State Fair in ten years (these are the words of the judge). We almost pray as we look at our feed bills, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace out of the chicken business."

Rosecroft Barred Rock Yards

Alfred D. Robinson Point Loma, Cal.

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